

[Verse 1]

Welcome back to California  
The punk police will calico ya  
The funk won't cease, we battle on the grounds  
Of who it is that really own the town  
Business, palm trees, a hundred degrees  
C-I-As, F-E-Ds smuggle in keys  
Schwarzenegger still hustle and scheme, puffin' the weed  
Feelin' on women, killin' the whole scene  
And I'm killin' that old image you got  
I know you think the West coast started with Eazy and finished with 'Pac  
But think again, we got it just as hard out here  
You act like the government ain't in charge out here, man  
Pa\*\* the Molotov, light it up, and throw it at the city hall  
Administration, station  
Face the Nation, I ain't talkin 'bout the President  
I'm talkin' 'bout the flag with the star and the crescent in it

[Chorus]

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz  
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood  
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs  
How they divide and confuse us  
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How they divide and confuse us

[Verse 2]

Now put your purple back partner, I don't smoke trees (Nah)  
No dank, no drank, no coke, or speed (Hell, naw!)  
You know me homey, sober and clean  
A lot of G's want me on the team, but I don't roll with dope fiends  
Imagine me goin' from Tookie to Pookie  
I'm a threat 'cause mainstream rejection didn't spook me  
Rappers tried to make me switch and couldn't move me  
Kufi salute me and true n\*\*\*as choose me  
Viewed to be the new Huey in Newsweek  
We all speak truth, now listen to the truth speak  
Full circle with the way I view beef  
If you don't choose peace, you leave with no front two teeth

Up in this motherf\*\*ker (Yeah)

Guerrilla Funk and we ain't never been no run-and-duckers (That's right)

Now tell me what's so gangster 'bout flossin' your bank account

For some quick attention from the women while the people in the hood suffer

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[Verse 3]

Well look here, what'chu think of bringin' back the free breakfastes

The free food, free health care, free dentistes

The homey Fleetwood got the homeboy hotline

An ex-felon job line, hit him on MySpace

And pardon as I take part in upliftin' of my race

Past the high rate of incarceration and crime rate

Bein' my fate, so if you don't believe

That we can struggle and achieve then get out my face

So quick, so fast, you don't get no pa\*\*

You don't get mo' black, we'll kick yo' a\*\*!

Then turn around and spend yo' cash, in the hood

With the mommas and the kids livin' with no dad

Frisco through Oakland, Vallejo through Oakland

They try to gentrify and then rebuild most Oaklands

But it's still mo' funk and coke smokin' in the Oakland

Fo-fo's blowin domes open, think about it

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